

PRICE

25¢

Capt. Billy's **Whiz Bang**

Vol. II

February, 1921

No. 17



explosion of pedigreed bull

***Moe Thompson's
Masterpiece***

**I went to see my girl
one night;
For her love I was
seeking,
I missed her mouth
and kissed her nose;
The gosh darn thing
was leaking.**

---Whiz Bang Bill.

Captain Billy's Whiz Bang



OUR MOTTO:
“Make It Snappy”

February, 1921

Vol. II No. 17

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***"We have room for but one soul loyalty and that is
loyalty to the American People."—Theodore Roosevelt.***

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By W. H. Fawcett



***Edited by a Spanish and World War Veteran and dedi-
cated to the fighting forces of the United States.***

Drippings from the Fawcett

By **CAPTAIN BILLY**

A LONG about the first of September last year, my cellar supply gave out and on the second day I had a look of languor like a homesick bum. Then it was that I met my old "Turk" friend, Casey, who immediately shanghaied me while he was cock-eyed on a mixture of fusel oil, barbed wire, turpentine, tuba, rotgut, red-eye, wood alcohol, ether and dynamite. In fact, his mixture would make the Dove of Peace challenge the American Eagle to mortal combat.

Casey is a vagrant minstrel of human interest and I was only too glad to accept of an invitation to join him at his country home in Golden Valley. But here it is necessary to explain that Golden Valley is different than most communities in these good old dry United States. In Golden Valley it doesn't appear to be necessary to distill the corn. Nearly every shock contains its gallon jug hidden away in the darkened recesses. The farmers merely leave the empty receptacle and come back later to find it has been mysteriously filled.

Well, friends and fellow-countrymen, Casey and I surely worked hard that night in the corn fields and about the last thing I can remember was Casey mumbling a story about a colored family in St. Paul named

Henderson—man, wife and two grown daughters, who had been suspected of bootlegging for some time.

“There is also a coon in St. Paul named Johnson,” Casey explained, “who got very drunk and was placed under arrest.”

To the police judge's inquiry as to how and where he obtained the liquor, the negro replied:

“I found it in a corn-field, your honor.”

“Did you ever get anything from Henderson?” asked the magistrate.

“No, sah. Nevah got nothin' from him.”

“From Mrs. Henderson?”

“No, sah, not from Mrs. Henderson.”

“Nor from Miss Henderson?”

“Jes' a minute, jedge—is you' all still talkin' 'bout booze?”

* * *

New Year's morning, bright and early, Gus, the hired man, wanted to start off right, so he whispered to my 8-year-old son to go and find something with whiskey in it. The lad, in boyish innocence, replied: “Just a minute, Gus, an' I'll go and wake up father.”

* * *

I remember the only time I ever was in New York. I was still a commissioned officer in the army and had registered at a Broadway hotel as “Captain Gunn.” I immediately got loaded; dreamed I was discharged and awakened to find myself shot to the devil. My brother Harvey, who was a buck private in the tank corps at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, met me at the

Marlborough hotel while he was A. W. O. Ling in New York. Evidently on account of the lack of tanks in the tank corps, Harvey decided to bring one back to Gettysburg. And, believe me, boys, it was a mogul tank he had when last I saw him. Of course, he'll say the same about me—in fact, he accused me of being so rash as to pat a colonel on the back in the Pennsylvania depot with the salutation of "Hello, old trapper, this is a heluva a war." But I really don't believe I did anything of the kind. At least I can't remember having done so.

On the return to Camp Lee, I carried along a goodly supply of medicine. Somehow or other, I managed to land in an upper berth and when I awoke in Richmond next morning, my faithful satchel and contents were safely in bed beside me. I cannot recall having ever awakened with a more pleasant companion than that old grip. I carefully peeked through the curtains to see if the coast was clear before partaking of a morning's nip.

I shall always have a good word for New York. After all, our likes or dislikes for a city depend entirely on how we enjoy ourselves and the friends we are fortunate enough to meet. I was treated with a reckless abandon and true western spirit of congeniality. At first, their language was difficult to fathom, but later I became used to the lack of the letter "R." If it ever happens that Ford cars go up in price so I can sell my 1915 model, I'll surely sneak away from friend wife for a week or two of bright lights and green witches.

The Vampire's Fool

HELLO, Tom! Glad to see you. What was that crowd I saw as I came aboard ship? Looked to me like an accident. Suicide! Young Parmerly killed himself, and for a woman!

*"A Fool there was, and he made his prayer,
Even as you and I,
To a rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair;
We called her the Woman who did not care,
But the Fool, he called her his Lady Fair—
Even as you and I."*

Good God. Here I am back in New York, alone, alone; wife and child and friends, all gone; disgraced, dishonored, and for that woman!

*"A Fool there was, and his goods he spent,
Even as you and I,
Honor, Faith, and a sure Intent;
But it wasn't the least what the Lady meant,
And a Fool must follow his natural bent—
Even as you and I."*

Age comes, the body withers, the brain grows dull, the blood becomes thin, the soul grows weary; and the power to live, as once we lived, is taken from us. We sit, white-haired, blue veined, drinking in the sun,

through shriveled pores, to drive the chill from our shrunken frame. It will come to you, to me, to all of us, and neither man nor God may stop it.

You, Tom, you here? Before you begin, let me tell you that it is useless; nothing that you can say to me will change me in the slightest; I've made up my mind and my decision is unalterable. Gone, gone! Tell me what you think, Tom; tell me what every one thinks; put into words the scorn and contempt I see in every eye that looks into mine and every mirror that I look into. Gone, gone! Tell me something of your own; tell me the things that lie here and burn in my brain, and burn and burn, tell me something! Alas, not that; I know that by heart! Don't, Tom, don't try to save me! What is there left to save—nothing but memories, nightmares!

I drink to you, gentlemen; I drink to you, Parmery; I drink to you, Rogers, and to you, Van Dalm; I drink to you, even as you drink to me! Bumpers, gentlemen, bumpers! Bumpers? Good God, what has come over me? I thought from the beginning it was too late—the loss of honor, and dignity, and manhood, and self-respect were all new to me, Tom, and I couldn't understand. I cursed myself and swore to God that I would not become the thing I am. Look at me, The Honorable John Schuyler!

I prayed to God, Tom, but he didn't help me. He didn't, he didn't; and I couldn't help myself. I tried, oh, I tried and tried, but it was no use; there was something, I don't know what it was! It was her eyes, Tom, it was her eyes, and I couldn't help myself. I tried to

kill myself as Parmerly did, but I couldn't, I couldn't, and the only forgetfulness lay in drink.

Drink that sapped my strength and raised my veins, and shriveled up my brain. Don't hate me, Tom!

Pity me, for the love of God, pity me, pity me!

*"The Fool was stripped to his foolish hide,
Even as you and I,
Which she might have seen, as she threw him aside;
But it wasn't on record the Lady tried,
So some of him lived—but the most of him died—
Even as you and I."*

* * *

The Wrong Button

In a crowded omnibus a stout woman vainly endeavored to get her fare out of the pocket of her cloak, which was tightly buttoned as a precaution against pickpockets.

After she had been working in vain for some minutes, a gentleman seated on her right said: "Please allow me to pay your fare."

The lady declined and recommenced her attacks on the pocket.

After these had continued for some little time her fellow-passenger said: "You really must let me pay your fare. You have already undone my suspenders three times and I cannot stand it any longer."

* * *

A woman is never so disappointed as when she asks a man to behave, and he behaves.

"Oh, Dear, You Hurt"

Imagine the scene: A big, comfortable chair, a beautiful girl snuggled down in it, her head leaned back so that she is looking up into the face of the man who is bending so attentively over her.

Now he reaches his arm around her. Her head is pressed against his heart. Speech at this time would be impossible.

Listen. We hear her struggled whisper: "Oh, dear, you hurt." In a low, earnest voice he says: "Well, I simply cannot help hurting you a little bit. You don't mind that, do you?"

Again we hear only silence. They seem perfectly contented.

It is not long, however, that they remain in this position. He does not seem content with what he sees in her face.

Her eyes are a violet gray. He bends farther over so that he can see into—well—see into her mouth.

Because, of course, it is the dentist repairing her teeth.

* * *

Perhaps He Was Lucky

The worried countenance of the bridegroom disturbed the best man. Tiptoeing up the aisle, he whispered:

"What's the matter, Jock? Hae ye lost the ring?"

"No," blurted out the unhappy Jock, "the ring's safe eno'. But, mon, I've lost ma enthusiasm."

* * *

It's a sure sign of being in love if you shave twice.

Movie-Land Gossip

Editor's Note: In the March issue, The Whiz Bang will publish a story for girls with movie ambitions. The scene of the story, which is true to life, is woven about the home of a well-known Hollywood character, Prince Troubetskoy. The Prince ranks as one of the greatest sculptors in the world and his California home saw many a high jinx. Do not miss this story, which tells of the system used by designing men in leading astray the unwary.

D OUG FAIRBANKS must darn his own socks at night for all anyone ever sees of him. He used to strut about town with Bull Montana, Kid McCoy, Spike Robinson and a bunch of other retainers proudly walking in his wake. But Mary must be charming Doug in wondrous fashion. He did show up with Mary at the Mission theatre opening and the two marched between packed borders of humanity at the curb.

Mary looked contented and as proud as a queen. Fairbanks formerly appeared rather sloppy, but, in severe evening dress, he impressed his auditors very well indeed. Evidently the two to date have made a hit with one another.

At this writing, Nevada had poked its official nose into the Fairbanks-Pickford marriage again. It seems the solons are about to decide something momentous, which no one gives a hang about. As Kitty Shepherd said down at Hamburgers: "They're married, ain't they?"

Mary Thurman is said to have moved from the Beverly Hills hotel. Mary seemed to be in the money for awhile. It costs to live at Beverly. A pretty thing, Mary, but life is just one thing after another.

Let us give vent, brethren, to a long sigh of relief that Mildred Harris Chaplin has ceased yapping for the moment at least. Or is it just some temporary lull that goes before another wind or brainstorm?

Now that Charles is said to have kicked thru with one (or was it \$200,000?) Mildred appears to have fired her parting shot and retreated to a mystic place from which she is scheduled some day to emerge with a knock 'em dead voice.

Far be it from us to dispute with a talkative lady or enter into argument regarding the merits or demerits of her case. But the public in Los Angeles grew almost afraid to glance at a morning paper for fear that the fair Mildred has broken loose again with a new brand of dope regarding the elusive Charles.

Along about the time that stomach settlers were being called into use as a result of the slush credited to the comedian's storm and strife, people began to reflect that, though many crimes had been charged against his curly head, Chaplin himself remained

cloistered in a cloud of silence so far as mention of the fair Mildred was concerned.

Millie did all the talking, or at any event the sob brothers and sisters placed her in that light. One minute she was calling Charles a tight-wad and the next stating that she loved him. Just how a woman can love a man and simultaneously inform the wide, wide world that he is a cheap skate passeth understanding.

Several million or so perfectly good white columns of newspaper space were spoiled with the most wanton brand of domestic prattle ever dished out in a city already weary with the frothy doings of its ultra frothy society.

Then Chaplin's attorneys announced that if Mildred shut up and quit using the Chaplin name that she could take a couple of hundred thousand shekels and call it quits.

The worst thing Chaplin ever was heard to say about his wife hasn't been printed, probably for the reason that the bepestered young man didn't say it. Chaplin may be a cheap skate, a nickel counter, and own but two automobiles, but his closest friend and most persistent interviewer never drew from him a word against the unfortunate partner of his domestic woes.

Chaplin has admitted that he had no business getting married in the first place. He declared frankly that he wasn't made that way. He said that marriage interfered with his work and many believe that his sudden dropping from the pictures was done with the

deliberate intention of not returning to it until his bread had been buttered on the other side.

It was more a surprise to Chaplin's friends that he married in the first place than a shock at reports of trouble that sounded their fanfare thru the newspapers. Everyone thought he'd marry Edna Purviance, if he married at all; though Miss Purviance's feelings in the matter may not have been given due consideration or interrogation by the gossip mongers.

* * *

Mary had a Thomas cat,
It warbled like Caruso;
A neighbor swung a baseball bat—
Now Thomas doesn't do so.

* * *

The Mystery of Mankind

On Christmas we noticed a lot of you angling around with your tongue hanging out,

And tearfully beseeching everybody to point your ears toward a place where they sell lick

Made out of barbed wire and red ink, with a touch of rat poison thrown in to take the curse off,

And you were willing to divorce yourselves from a complete set of a dozen dollars

For the privilege of assaulting your stomach with a bottle of it.

And when you couldn't get it you were as peeved as a hen that tries to get results from a doorknob.

And you are the same lads who were whooping it up for pop and ice water at election time.

And who said that Demon Rum had killed more people than the doctors.

If you are a dry, why do you run yourselves bowlegged hunting for unhealthy lick,

And if you believe another lil' drink won't do us any harm, why do you vote the Sahara Desert ticket?

What's the answer?

Darned if we know. We're a Mick.

High Life in South America

Reverend Golightly Morrill, veteran of many travels in sinful climes, will tell of the wickedness of the West Indies in the March issue of the WHIZ BANG, and how he, sophisticated as he is, succumbed to the enticements of one of Eve's daughters with a tempting bowl. He describes his experience thusly: "Hot courtesan that yields readily, that drinks and laughs, that stains the cloth and the gown—the ribald orgy that shows its foot and its leg, quick to snatch its stiletto from its garter—" Read it in the next issue.

—THE EDITOR.

By REV. "GOLIGHTLY" MORRILL

Pastor People's Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

BUENOS AIRES, Argentina, and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, have the dual reputation of being the Sodom and Gomorrah of South America.

The theatres of Buenos Aires begin at 9 p. m., and the Devil's Mission opens at the same time. I followed some of his congregation to the "Royal Theatre" and paid \$1.50 gold to stand up in the back part of the house behind a rail and look at some silly French films. They were followed by the real entertainment which was opened by an American chorus whose flat voices would have been high-priced at 25 cents admission. I endured it in shameful silence, but the audience was

"cynical," and by barks and obscene onomatopoeic sounds, instead of hisses, showed its dissatisfaction. So far, this was but a prelude to the interlude intermission when everybody adjourned to an upper and lower foyer where the band played, the men and women marched and countermarched, flirted, paired off and sat at the tables eating and drinking.

The "ladies" were especially friendly to me, alone and idly looking on. They spotted me as a gringo, and in French, German and Spanish, Italian and English said "Good evening," asking me if I would not have a drink or go out for a little walk. One coveted my scarab pin, thinking it would make a nice breast-pin. I compromised with her on an American flag which she proudly bore aloft. Another as unmindful of my calling as I was of not standing "in the way of the ungodly," chucked me under the chin and said, "Hello, kiddo, how's New York?"

This was the life or death I didn't care to cultivate. I told them I had no time or money to waste and that my wife was waiting for me to help pack the trunk, since we were to sail in the morning. I returned to my standing place to get my money's worth of torture. It was over at twelve, when I left. Hurrying to the hotel, I met the hotel runner. He asked where I had been. "Everywhere," I said, and told him. He laughingly replied I was in the "wickedest city" in the world and hadn't seen anything. Then he proceeded to introduce me to the Red Lamp district across the river, where the sailors are searched and relieved of their arms; where the arms of the frail denizens relieve

them of their money by charging dollars for dime drinks; where blistering curses and kisses echo through the darkened rooms; and where colored movies of human and animal life are shown that would make the pornographic pictures of Paris and Havana look like a Pilgrim's Progress film.

Here are the painted women whose keen eyes stab, whose vampire lips suck life blood, whose tresses are winding-sheets, and bodies graves in which honor and purity are buried. Happier for them had they dressed in a shroud, clasped hands with a leper and kissed a red-hot stove than to have dressed, drunk and debauched as they did.

These midnight marauders seemed to think the stars were lit to lead them on from shame to shame, while the truth is they sadly look down on souls whose beating pulses live for a pleasure that murders time, health, wealth, character and reputation.

They follow Satan as a guide, hypocrisy as a lawyer, impudence as an art, pleasure as an object and damnation as their end. If their minds were like matter and could show decay, they would smell like carrion. They wear fine clothes and live in beautiful houses, but their minds are empty and their souls in rags.

Religion has pleasure, but their pleasure was religion, and Cupid and Bacchus their saints.

The fabled Greek Temple of Pleasure had a large doorway for entrance, lights, music and lovely women within, but back of it all a wicket-gate which opened into a pig-pen.

Thus, the end of vice is not satisfaction, but satiety, and the bacchanal worshiper of what appeals only to his physical senses is thrust out naked, ashamed and alone. Satan smiles, and hell is happy.

A dying king dreamed he would be met on the other shore by a beautiful woman and led to a throne. Instead, he was welcomed by a horrible hag who leered and laughed at him. When he recoiled and asked who she was, she replied, "I am your sins and have come to live with you forever."

Leaving this bare-breasted, forbidden fruit untasted, I bought some navel oranges, and went to my hotel thankful that, if I had been led into temptation, I had been delivered from evil.

The Devil's calling cards he gives to visitors here, have B. A. after his name, and it does not stand for "Bachelor of Arts," although he has that degree from several European and American universities. Last impressions are first in mind. I had hoped that B. A. (Buenos Aires) would stand for "Better Afterwards," but just before the boat pulled out I found it meant "Bad Always."

A well dressed man sold my wife some pretty post cards, of the city, and while she was looking at them he took me to one side, whispered "dirty book" in my ear, and offered me something "nice" to read on the trip. I read the title, "The Lustful Experiences of a Physician," and refused him, saying I was no doctor, didn't intend to study for the profession, or do anything that would make it necessary to contract for medical services in advance. As the ship sailed out of

the harbor I gazed ruefully at this roué paradise of a city, repeating the lines of the poet,

“Farewell, dear, damned, distracted town;
Ye harlots live at ease.”

Oh, that last night in Rio de Janeiro. The city was brilliantly lighted but we saw some shady places to make the picture complete. Passing by the brightly lighted movie foyers, where the waiting crowd is furnished with seats and music, instead of being log-jammed as they are in the United States, I went down the Avenida through a public park. Its main gate opened into a street, not filled with churches, libraries and museums, but aristocratic “maisons de joie.”

There was a corner café with a score of well-dressed women sitting at the tables, but no men. They seemed social as I passed by and beckoned me in. When I went on they followed me with a loose collection of Spanish, French, German and English oaths. That was the only way they could follow, for there was a man on horseback at the street corner prepared to run them in if they ventured out. It was eight o'clock, we were the only ones on the street, and must have looked lorn and lonely, for in every doorway stood a besilked, be-diamonded, benighted beauty who looked compassionately on and invited us to come in and make ourselves at home.

A long walk brought us to a kind of Leceister Square of many theatres. Believing they were all equally good or bad, we entered one and saw and heard

a Portuguese comic opera. It was comical to see some of the red light scenes we had just escaped, enacted on the stage. Again we went out of the light into the night, passing through narrow streets of dives brighter and blacker than any we had yet seen. This was the busiest place in Rio. Although it was midnight, an unending stream of humanity poured up and down the walks, the patrolling police charging the crowds time and again.

I was sorry I had not seen Brazil's "men of war" because it was foggy when we entered the harbor, but I was more sorry to see most of them gambling, drinking, going in and out of the dives along these streets. Here vice was wholly evil and lost none of its grossness. It was dirty, dowdy and depraved. Jack Falstaff would have hurried away as fast as his fat legs could carry him, and not paused to pity, endure or embrace the poor, half-dressed, painted, powdered prostitutes. There is a sharpness of teeth hiding in their cruel kisses, poison in the honey of their lips, and many a deluded lover starts up terrified as if he heard snakes hissing in their hair. Rio de Janeiro is damned with a debauchery which the natural beauty of its harbor can not redeem.

On leaving Rio I met two young ladies on ship-board who told me a "white slave" story. A Buenos Aires agent for vaudeville had come to New York and booked them through his agency. He said conditions were better in South than North America; that they could each earn \$50 a week, and have all expenses paid, if they would "just sing American songs." But before

landing they learned from some one who knew this agent, that gambling and wine rooms were run in connection with the theatre, and that it would be necessary for them to carry revolvers for protection. When they realized their danger and decided not to land, but board our ship for New York, they were nabbed by the police, who work hand in hand with the white slavers, and had it not been for the American consul and others interested who raised enough money for their return passage, and insisted that the contract of the agent's false promises be broken, these two girls would have been placed in durance vile for two years, according to law.

South America is the white slave market of the world. She has black slaves in gold mines and rubber camps of the interior, and white slaves on the coast who have been brought from every country of the world with promises of marriage or respectable employment.

The white slaver is the Devil's missionary who lays nets which Lucretia cannot avoid, and gives baits and bribes which move Penelope.

Babylon had a marriage market for her women; Rio has a girl's slave pen, over whose portals is written Dante's Hell motto.

"She has been in South America," is the living epitaph of many a poor girl dead in trespasses and sins.

* * *

Suggested Motto for Newlyweds

"Another Good Man Gone Wrong."

His Protecting Prayer

A celebrated revivalist came to address his flock, and before he began to speak, the pastor said: "Brother Jones, before you begins this discourse, there are some powerful bad negroes in this here congregation, and I want to pray for you," which he did in this fashion:

"O Lord, gives Brother Jones the eye of the eagle, that he may see sin from afar. Glue his ear to the gospel telephone, and connect him with the central skies. Illuminate his brow with a brightness that will make the fires of hell look like a tallow candle. Nail his hands to the gospel plough, and bow his head in some lonesome valley, where prayer is much wanted to be said, and annoint him all over with the kerosene oil of Thy salvation and set him afire."

* * *

Happy Though Married

A learner at golf was surrounded by a large and interested circle of friends.

After missing the ball several times, amid the laughter of his pals, he turned and said: "I must apologize for this rotten performance, but I can assure you that no one feels his misses more than I do." And still they laughed.

* * *

"A worm may eat of a king, a man may eat of a fish that has fed on the worm. Thus a king may run a course through the guts of a beggar,"—Shakespeare.

Questions and Answers

Dear Whiz Bang Bill—I have been going with a red-headed girl, but as I am leaving school I want to get rid of her. I think, too, that she uses henna. I'm enclosing a further description. What would you advise me to do?—**Iowa Rah-Rah.**

I'd suggest that you publish a want ad in the Whiz Bang as follows:

To Whom It May Concern: I cheerfully recommend my old girl to any young man wanting a suitable dating companion for next year:

She is a good dancer physically and morally.

She is a good looker.

She is a good listener.

She isn't too good.

She is an excellent pedestrian, in fact, she will always say she likes to walk, although she is not prejudiced against a car.

She is a woman of deep emotions whom only you will be able to thrill.

She has, to the best of my knowledge, absolutely no ideas of her own on any subject, except you.

My sole and simple reason for quitting her is that I am leaving school. Treat her right. She likes to be treated.

* * *

Dear Captain—Why is Mary Pickford like castor oil?—**Hollywood Holly.**

I reckon it's because both are "queen of the movies."

Dear Bill—Women are generally referred to as the “weaker sex.” Is it because they are more cowardly than men? My experience as a hen-pecked husband has led to the belief that this expression is sadly misplaced.—**Palefaced Peter.**

Once again I referred a question to Mrs. Bill, which, at the outset, showed my weakness. Then the fight was on, but she got in the last word, or words, and here they are:

“Our moral courage is infinitely superior to man’s. No male being would dare go into a shop and pull everything off the shelves only to walk out and buy nothing. Men say they wouldn’t like to give the trouble for nothing. But it isn’t that at all. They haven’t the courage. We don’t pull things about to be spiteful, but to see if we can get what we want. If we don’t find it—how can we buy it? And to buy something else to make up is sheer cowardice.”

* * *

Dear Captain—I see in your Whiz Bang where you answer some puzzling questions. I have one. What is a gollywhopper?—**Rott N. Peaches.**

A gollywhopper, according to the Encyclopedia Bullconica, is a species of humdinger, descendant of the whangdoodle and cousin of an ichthyosaurus.

* * *

Dear Capt. Billy—Why is the moon like a woman’s heart?—**Lovelorn.**

Because it’s always changing and it always has a man in it.

Dear Captain Fawcett—If it takes an eight months old woodpecker with a rubber bill six months to peck through a cypress log big enough to make 300 shingles, how long would it take a six months old grasshopper with a corkscrew leg to kick the seeds out of a cucumber?—**Johnny Jumpup.**

Our hired man, Gus, says that he was told by Gus, our village butcher, that an Alabama black man had got a straight tip from the jockey's bible that it would take just as long for the grasshopper to do the trick you mention as it would take a two-stripe member of the 27th Division to pick off 3,000,001 cooties with a pair of 16-ounce boxing gloves.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—If you had a girl out riding in your automobile, and she complained of being cold and said she would be all right if she only had something around her, would you drive back, as I did, and get her coat?—**Bashful Bob.**

No, but I wouldn't do what you did, you cheerful prevaricator.

* * *

Dear Capt. Whiz Bang—I am about to attend a "dry" party, but would like your suggestion as to a good "wet" toast for dry days.—**Ike Atchum.**

How about this one? "Here's to the little doggy that met a little tree. The little tree said: 'Come, purp, have one on me.' The little purp replied, as gentle as a mouse, 'No, thank you, little treelet, I've had one on the house.' "

Dear Skipper—What's the difference between old fashioned and new fashioned kisses?—**Movie Maid.**
About five minutes.

* * *

Dear Captain of the Aft—I see where you are taking a stand for personal liberty. Still, wouldn't you be willing to admit that rum is your foe?—**Al K. Hall.**

I can't help admitting, Al, that I'm disgusted with the way the coward Demon has gone into hiding.

* * *

Dear Kernel Bill—What is meant by the expression: "bones of contention?"—**Willie Wringlenut.**
It probably refers to cocked dice.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—Unless I am too presumptuous, would you mind telling me what is your average income?—**Curious Pussy.**

I referred your question to Mrs. Bill, who insists it is after midnight and about a quart a day.

* * *

Dear Captain—What would make a good wedding anniversary present for Douglas Fairbanks?—**Madge Talma.**

Why not give him an autographed book on "How to be happy, though Mary'd."

* * *

An angel of a girl generally plays the devil with a man.

Pajama Parties 'n Everything

HOLLYWOOD is still talking of the "wonderful" social season that surrounded Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's. Even away out here on the snow-covered Minnesota prairies there filters through a story or two. But the best one we're heard is the pajama affair tendered by one of the real picture queens. The party was probably not as rich as really painted, but it is known, however, that in the wee sma' hours anyone in pajamas could glide into the festivities whether invited or not. The hostess, we are told, is such a grand little lady that we will not embarrass her by any undue publicity.

It appears that during the course of the evening one of our best actorinos struck up a friendly flirtation with a prim and very agreeable married woman. That is, it was friendly at first; becoming so lovely later on. For reasons best known to themselves, the pair decided to leave the storm and fret and booze behind and go and find—but that is the first part of the story.

Oh girls, before you risk a kiss,
And tie up for your lives,
Recall if singleness is bliss
'Tis folly to be wives.

Along about five in the morning, an hour or so after he had returned with his fair conquest, Mr. Man,

now rather bibulous, was reciting some alleged woes and calling down his wrath upon the "long hairs." "Long Hairs" is right in Los Angeles just now, except in high society. There isn't a night but that the "morals squad" or "break-in cops" charge down on some rooming house and there do batter and probe, dragging out the unfortunate wights who cannot show a wedding license. It appears that the actor and his fair conquest, after leaving the pajama party, had experienced some embarrassment, at least such was the impression the man left by his startling conclusion. He said:

"It's getting so you can't take a decent married woman to a rooming house in this town without running into some cops looking for a bunch of painted dames."

Needless to say the fair charmer, who had been listening somewhat nervously to the initial outbreak, all but collapsed when she heard the final denunciation. If her husband hasn't heard the story, he's the only one in town not laughing about it.

The midnight bathing parties in Los Angeles and Hollywood are a little passé just now, on account of the weather for one thing. Since one of our best known citizens was suddenly taken with cramps in one of the Romanesque pools without wearing even his B.V.D.'s, the sport has assumed a classification regarded as "dangerous indoor sports." In this instance most of those who ran to the troubled man's assistance are said to have been ladies with—well, the wife of one of our leading politicians was nervous for some weeks

lest the newspapers print the names of those present, so we'll pass her up this time.

The ladies who bathe in midnight pools, especially if considerable liquor has been provided, are not particular about their sea-going attire. They quite often prefer the no-piece bathing suit, although the shock of the water often arouses a sober moment. Then milady wonders with dismay how she can emerge amidst the highly interested group of lookers-on.

The cops who raid the little rooming houses and resorts of the less elite would reap a mighty harvest if they cared to intrude upon Wilshire or Hollywood. But what's a little party of pajama-clad men and women bred in the purple if the copper gets a few choice jolts.

* * *

Talked Like a Tailor

The members of the choir were practicing the well known anthem "As the Hart Pants After the Water Brooks."

The rendering of the opening stages was apparently not quite to the satisfaction of the gentleman who wielded the baton.

He considered it necessary, therefore, to tender some advice to the soprano section, and caused great consternation and not a little embarrassment among his flock by the following announcement:

"Ladies, your expression is simply splendid, but the time is very poor—really, your pants are far too long."

How Perfectly Lovely

"Is this—can it be love?" sighed Angebella, as she sat on a seat in the park with MacCuthbert's arm around her waist and his soft voice whispering fondly in her ear. Oh, it was lovely! "It is, my darling," MacCuthbert assured her. "But tell me, sweet one, how do you feel?" "I feel," cooed the lady, "as though my heart would leap from my throbbing breast! My parched throat contracts and then expands, while my breath comes in quick, choking sobs."

There was a sudden rustle in the bushes behind them as a sleeping tramp crawled forth and glowered at them. "I'd take something for it, miss," he growled. "That ain't love you've got; it's hiccups."

* * *

Ruined Reputations

"Whisky has ruined the reputation of many men."

"Yes," replied Broncho Bob, "and at the same time, I ain't so sure that a lot of naturally no-account men haven't done their share to ruin the reputation of whisky."

* * *

Do You Blame Them?

A "strong-man" actor, wishing to demonstrate his strength, made the following announcement from the stage:

"I would like to have three young ladies volunteer from the audience to come up on the stage, stand on my chest and I will then sing a song."

Needless to say, none responded.

Strolling With Jane Gaites

To Love

Love, once you came to me,
I laughed the long day through;
For I was young, and happily
I reveled in this love so new.

Oh, it was good to live and love!
I vowed that I'd be true,
And of the sob behind the smile
I never dreamed—I never knew.

For every joy I've shed a tear;
Love left me long ago.
I've nothing now but memories—
How could you hurt me so?

* * *

Outside the Movies

By JANE GAITES

After wrecking a dozen homes or more and crushing at least six or nine perfectly good hearts, the movie "vamp" quickly slipped into her street clothes and hurried away from the noisy studio to buy her baby a doll.

After completing the "Adventures of Nan," the little "convent" girl rushed into her dressing room and was not surprised to find a note from her husband saying that business had called him out of town.

She smiled somewhat significantly and then, carefully powdering her saucy little nose and arching those

two tiny perfect lips, she hurried away from the noisy studio to keep an appointment with the "vamp's" husband.

* * *

Silly Sonnets

By JANE GAITES

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I am going a-shimmying, sir," she said.
"And may I go with you my pretty maid?"
"If it so please you, sir," she said.

"May I kiss you, my pretty maid?"
"What is your income, sir?" she said.
"Sunday morning, my pretty maid."
"Kid somebody else, sir," she said.

* * *

Dickory, dickory dock,
A mouse ran up the clock;
But this clock, I find,
Was a different kind,
And her cries could be heard up the block.

* * *

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Sharing her good curds and whey;
They were hugging and kissing,
When her Ma found her missing
And frightened fond lover away.

* * *

The Lure

By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

"What bait do you use," said a Saint to the Devil,
"When you fish where the souls of men abound?"
"Well, for special tastes," said the King of Evil,
"Gold and Fame are the best I've found."
"But for common use?" asked the Saint. "Ah, then,"
Said the Demon, "I angle for Man, not men;
And a thing I hate is to change my bait,
So I fish with a woman the whole year 'round."

Whiz Bang Editorials

"The Bull is Mightier Than the Bullet"

NATURE moves oftener to the time of "L'Allegro" than "Il Penseroso"—the major, not the minor chord, predominates. The carol of birds, hum of insects, rustle of leaves, ripple of water and chirrup of cricket are only sad to those whose natures are harsh. There is more of light than shadow, and we feel it as we look at matchless sunrise and sunset, glinting stars, deep green of forest, lighter color of meadow and grain field, and the sunbeams chased by the wind across hillside and valley.

The church is not a cemetery, the minister is not a death's head, and his church members should not be mummies. The world was given us to cheer our hearts; religion was never designed to make our pleasures less, and when it does we have less of religion and more of something else. To be a child of God is to be a happy member of his family in a present Eden which thrills the brain, fills the heart, and makes us rejoice in the hope of a home where sin and sorrow shall never enter.

The historian Hume found that King Edward II had paid a jester a crown to make him laugh. That

was a good investment. How much better it is to have a fool to make one merry than experience to make one sad. Why not have Christmas cheer fifty-two weeks in the year and let it brighten and bless spring, summer and autumn till winter comes again?

Shakespeare says, "One may smile and smile and be a villain," but I think the man who does not smile is the villain "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

A smile is the difference between a man and a brute, though a laughing hyena is preferable to a scowling misanthrope, and a heathen who only wears a smile to a Christian garbed in gloom.

Cheerfulness does more for health and holiness than pills and preaching. Why not smile in a good world with a gracious God?

The man ought to be arrested who comes downtown in the morning with an insulting scowl that curdles the milk of human kindness. One smile is worth a dozen snarls.

Horace, the Latin poet, taught truth by laughter; in politics a smile has controlled kings; and Swift and Heine did more by their smiles for freedom than swords. We can't all be poets, painters and presidents, but we can all be end-men to Life's minstrel show. Mark Tapley was always cheerful, and Sydney Smith said, "I have gout, asthma and seven other maladies, but otherwise, thank the Lord, I am very well."

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

PACIFIC COAST physicians are conducting a campaign which has for its aims "the conservation of public health"—specifically, the elimination of the advertising doctors, whom they designate quacks, and the squelching of "cranks" who oppose vivisection.

The editor of the *Whiz Bang* may be put down by the doctors as among the "cranks" because he doesn't like the idea of vivisection. I suppose I'm one of those sentimental birds, but any goop who tries to carve up my dog, my pony, or even Pedro, my pedigreed bull, will have a fight on his hands.

If surgeons must have live bodies upon which to experiment, it is suggested they utilize some of the less useful members of the medical profession. Most doctors are good citizens, and we include some advertising doctors, too. They have, it is true, a somewhat exaggerated idea of importance in the general scheme of things, but their delusion is honest. They regard the profession highly, and rightly so.

This being the case, nobody would object if a doctor showed the courage of his convictions by allowing his fellow "cut-ups" to strap him on an operating table and dissect his carburetor and other inside machinery.

But until doctors assume this attitude, most regular people will regard vivisectionists as a low species of bloodthirsty coward, pandering to a perverted taste for twisting entrails.

PURITANS of the city of Spokane, Wash., are seeking to have a city ordinance regulating the length of skirts. Our correspondent in that neck of the woods says he sees no need for such an ordinance, and that the girls are wearing skirts now that are as long as the distance from Spokane to the Canadian border, 100 miles, and that anyway he would rather live on the border.

However, that's neither here nor there. The big question in Spokane, now that the old maids and senile lawmakers have agreed that the skirts ought to stay below the knees, is to whom should authority to enforce such an ordinance be given?

Some seem to think the ordinance ought to be enforced by the commissioner of public health, while others want the commissioner of public safety. Therefore, the question seems to be whether short skirts are a menace to somebody's health or whether they are dangerous to public safety.

We'll say that it depends largely on circumstances. If a girl's short skirts cause a crowd to gather in the street, and automobile drivers to look around while driving, then it's a question of safety. Otherwise, and in certain other circumstances, it might bring about a danger to public health.

In any case we declare it to be interfering with the liberties of the subject. Our sympathies are with the fair sex all the time. If a girl has a shapely ankle, why should she hide it? It is part of her stock in trade—in fact, a show window for the male-and-female market, or marriage market, or whatever you want

to call it. Frequently it enables a girl to obtain a good position, it is said.

You might just as well expect a girl to cover up her face if she is a good-looker, or place blinders or goggles on her eyes if they sparkle too much. Besides, we have the poor policemen to consider. Do we wish to take all the joy out of their lives? These cops virtually live on the streets. Their pleasures are few. Are we to deprive them of viewing shapely ankles, etc.? Do let us be a little broad-minded and give the girls liberty.

* * *

Roughly estimated, 14,000,000 microbes, scientists reported, gathered on our grandmother's skirt. Now it would require a germ a foot high to catch on the hem of a damsel's garment. Isn't that some compensation?

* * *

If some married women would only realize the value of a chic robe de nuit en crepe de chine, and other dainty lingerie in retaining their hubby's admiration, they'd never be found sleeping alone in flannelette while he entertained a bit of fluff outside the home circle.

* * *

Give Him a Little Time

"She says she has an ideal husband."

"How long have they been married?"

"Three weeks."

"Shucks, all husbands are ideal for the first three weeks."

Sweet Essence of Prune Juice

He had known her for years. He had seen a good deal of her—in more ways than one.

He had sat across the parlor from her; she had, of course, crossed her legs; he had seen her trim ankles, her . . .

He had seen her at the seashore, wearing her tantalizing, silky bathing suit, with its short dress, with its cute little slippers, with its . . .

He had seen her in her traveling suit; in her cape; in her house dress; in her . . .

He had seen her at full dress affairs, and considering these dresses as they are, he had, of course, seen . . .

But it was not until a long, long while that he approximated the ultimatum. It was just a parlor date—one of many—which did not give promise of being any different from all the others. But one thing will lead to another! Finally, by a little slip of the arm, by a little jerk of the head, a little this, and a little that, some hairpins came out; her hair hung a little loosely at the sides; and—essence of compromise!—he saw her ears!

* * *

Probably Their Face

Shaving off the eyebrows and substituting a thin black painted line is said to be a remarkable new face fashion adopted by a section of smart women. Really one begins to wonder what they will shave next.

Smokehouse Poetry

WHIZ BANG, in its next issue, will bring back to life Robert W. Service's "Lady That's Known as Lou," and the picturesque Alaskan barroom of his tragical masterpiece, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

*"But I want to state, and my words are straight,
And I'll bet my poke they're true,
That one of you is a Hound of Hell,
And that one is Dan McGrew."*

That's a flash of the trail which Service leads to the realm of Dangerous Dan. It will be republished in full in the March issue.—THE EDITOR.

The Shimmy Shaker

By CARL M. HIGDON

Did you ever hear the story
Of the shimmy-shaking maid,
Who could shake a wicked shimmy
But of men she was afraid?

She could shimmy in the morning,
She could shimmy in the night,
She could shimmy in a bedroom,
She could shimmy loose or tight.

She could shimmy in the ballroom,
She could shimmy on the street,
She could shimmy after dinner
With a wiggle slow and sweet.

She could shimmy on a mountain,
She could shimmy in a pool,
When it comes to shimmy-shaking
She's a shimmy-shaking fool.

A Tom Fooler Rhyme

It was midnight on the ocean,
Not a street car was in sight,
The sun was shining brightly
And it rained all day that night.

It was a summer night in winter,
The rain was snowing fast,
A barefoot boy, with shoes on,
Stood, sitting on the grass.

It was evening, and the rising sun
Was setting in the west,
And the little fishes in the trees
Were huddling in their nest.

The rain was pouring down,
The moon was shining bright,
And everything that you could see
Was hidden out of sight.

While the organ pealed potatoes,
Lard was rendered by the choir,
While the sexton rung the dish-rag,
Someone set the church on fire.

"Holy smoke!" the preacher shouted;
In the rain he lost his hair;
Now his head resembles Heaven.
For there is no parting there.

* * *

How's Business

"Business is poor," said the beggar;
Said the undertaker, "It's dead;"
"Falling off," said the riding school teacher;
The druggist, "Oh, vial," he said.

"It's all write with me," said the author;
"Picking up," said the man on the dump;
"My business is sound," said the bandman;
Said the athlete, "I'm kept on the jump."

Answer from Your Heart

Note: The author of the following poem is an ex-sailor who now lives in Long Beach, California. It is a poem that all red-blooded men should read and then ponder a bit. Here is the writer's prelude, explaining how he happened to bring forth such a gem:

"In and out of the service, I have noted that when two or more men engage in conversation, their talk eventually turns to women. Women—bad, indifferent, and sometimes good—is generally the chief topic of the man, but when one brings in some word about a good woman, he is often silenced by stares or cutting remarks. Recently I was confined in a naval brig (no need to mention the offense), and a conversation was being carried on in the "bull pen" that caused me to write the following lines:

E. H. GANTENBEIN

Pipe down, fellows, let me talk, please—
Settle yourselves in comfort, make yourselves at ease—
I have a few questions I'd like to put to you,
You'll find them very aged, not one of them is new.

You've just been talking "women," and the places you have been,
And the happy times you've had, and the "drunks" on Gordon gin;
While you tell of the pretty girl you met in Gay Paree,
And the one you took from your shipmate while he was far at sea;

The one at Valparaiso, you said she had black eyes,
And the girl who lives in 'Frisco, who took you by surprise—
You've jabbered for an hour or more, and mentioned many a name,
You've traveled clear around the world and found no two the same.

Now listen, fellow shipmates, while talking about your girls
Have you ever thought of the two at home, more precious to you
than pearls?
How they're watching, waiting, hoping—sending prayers to God for
you,
Asking him to guide you onward, to keep you straight and true.

Believing in you always, where'er you chance to roam,
Looking forward to the time when you'll be coming home.

Now I'll ask you, fellow shipmates, answer if you can:
Have you always lived an honest life; can you call yourself a man?

Can you go back to your home town and make that girl your wife,
And clasp your mother in your arms and know you have that right?
Now these are the questions I would ask, so, shipmates, do your
part,

Think of the road you've traveled and answer from your heart.

* * *

A Sailor's Delight

By HAROLD TAYLOR

When I was young and handsome,
It was always my delight
To go to balls and dances
And stay out late at night.

'Twas at a ball I met him,
He asked me for a dance,
I knew he was a sailor
By the buttons on his pants.

His shoes were nicely polished,
His hair was neatly combed,
I danced with him all evening,
Then he asked to see me home.

He pressed me to him gently,
Then heaved a heavy sigh
And said: "Dear Nellie, darling,
My love will never die."

Now all you girls, this warning,
Just take a tip from me:
Don't ever let a sailor
Take you sailing o'er the sea.

For he'll kiss you, oh, so sweetly,
And say there's none like you,
But when he gets that bit of love
He'll sail across the blue.

The Hop-head Blues

By B. T. Los Angeles

"In this land of dopey dreams, smiling, hoppy-headed scenes, where the Chinamen are smoking all day long; as I lay me down to sleep, hoppy visions o'er me creep, then I hear the snow-birds sing this evening song: Tam, tam, tam the coke and morphine; I can hear my mother's moan; underneath the starry flag, we must take another drag, and return some day to our beloved home."

Yep, Whiz Bang readers, here are some more selections written by a dope fiend, the first of his series appearing in the January issue. From the standpoint of human interest towards the unfortunate victim of the drug habit, his poems are mighty interesting. Furthermore, they point a strong moral to lay off the "junk."—THE EDITOR.

Tonight I lie in a filthy room,
Reclined on a bamboo bunk,
With a bamboo pipe and lighted pot
And a deuce-spot smeared with junk.

For when I feel downcast and blue,
Down to the dreamy Chink I sneak,
Where I can "hit the hop" and slumber,
Forgetting the weary world a week.

Passion's fire now barely smoulders,
Dope has led me far astray,
Still I think of the one who left me
A year ago on Christmas Day.

My love for her has never left me,
And I know it never will,
Even though I'm a fiend to dope
And a slave to the hashish pill.

But here I lie in a suey-bow,
With another night half spent,
With a pipe and a card of poppy mud
And a hop cook from the Orient.

Pangs of Conscience

By B. T., Los Angeles

For now I'm down and out,
And broken is my will,
I'd sell my very clothes
For a marewanna pill.

O, once I was good,
But now I'm very bad,
For the Chinks took from me
Everything I ever had.

It's the white man's curse,
The yellow man's joy,
The angels' dread
And the devil's toy.

No good ever comes,
And no good ever will,
To anyone who smokes
The hashish pill.

* * *

She May Remember This

Your hands were made to hold, my dear;
Your hair to lure me on;
Your eyes were made to sparkle clear;
Your face to gaze upon.

Your cheeks were made to blush, my dear;
Your waxen ears petite
Were made to catch the silver strains
Of music soft and sweet.

Your lips were made to kiss, my dear;
Your arms were made to cling;
Your voice was made to speak, my dear,
Not to sing.

* * *

Still at It

My loveless lady of the ancient day
Sought love with what of Cupid's arts he'd give her.
I see her now in shimmy shrines and, say,
She still beguiles her time with beau and quiver.

The Land of the Swinging Door

When night steals up from the golden cup
And the cares of the day are done;
In that evening hour, 'neath the twilight's bower,
As we watch the dying sun;
Oh, memory strong with its ancient song
Goes back to the days of yore,
When we mellow grew, with a motley crew,
In the Land of the Swinging Door.

Oh, the shiny rail with its brassy wail,
Where our foot in comfort sat;
Oh, the mirrors vast of crystal glass,
And the dear old bar-room cat;
Oh, the clink of ice, and the subtle vice,
And the highly polished floor,
Belong to the show of the long ago
In the Land of the Swinging Door.

Democracy's boast, through its mighty host,
Has finished this land at last,
And a hot rum punch, with the old free lunch,
Are memories of the past;
Oh, a lemon coke o'er a soda luke
And drinks we now abhor,
Are but empty chimes of virile times
In the Land of the Swinging Door.

Oh, a lemonade or a cocalade
Sounds good in a "pro-hi" town,
But they lack the whiz of an old gin fizz
To our friend, the old rumhound;
Oh, the whiskey glass is a thing of past,
And the beer and wine's no more;
So let them fret, we won't forget
The Land of the Swinging Door.

With nicotine, our ruling queen,
And a match and an easy chair,
We lie at ease and smoke as we please
And dream of the bar-room fair;
With purity waves and reforming aides,
Tobacco will soon be o'er,
But they can't legislate our mental state
And the Land of the Swinging Door.

Down in Oklahoma

We're down here in Okla.,
Where you never have the blues;
Where the bandits steal the jitneys
And the marshals steal the booze;
Where buildings horn the skyline;
Where the populace is boost;
Where they shoot men just for pastime;
Where the chickens never roost;
Where the stickup men are wary
And the bullets fall like hail;
Where each pocket has a pistol
And each pistol's good for jail;
Where they always hang the jury;
Where they never hang a man;
If you call a man a liar, you
Get home the best you can;
Where you get up in the morning
In a world of snow and sleet,
And you come home in the evening
Suffocating in the heat;
Where the jitneys whizz about you
And the street cars barely creep;
Where the burglars pick your pockets
While you "lay me down to sleep;"
Where the bulldogs all have rabies
And the rabbits they have fleas;
Where the big girls, like the wee ones,
Wear their dresses to their knees;
Where you whist out in the morning,
Just to give your health a chance,
Say "Howdy" to some fellow who
Shoots big holes in your pants;
Where wise owls are afraid to hoot
And birds don't dare to sing—
For it's hell down here in Okla.,
Where they all shoot on the wing.

* * *

In Lapland

They sat alone in the moonlight,
And she soothed his troubled brow.
"Dearest, I know my life's been fast,
But I'm on my last lap now."

Barbara Frietchie

(From the Norsk Nightingale.)

Recited by HARRY DIX

Barbara Frietchie ban brave old hen,
Her age it ban tree score and ten.
She living in Frederick, Maryland,—
It ban yust a dinky von night stand.
But Barbara rise to fame, yu bet,
And folks ban talking about her yet.
Ef yu lak to know yust how dis ban,
Ay skol tal yu story the best ay can.

Op the street com Yen-ral Yackson,
Ay bet yu he ban a gude attraction;
For all dese Reubs skol rubber lak hal,
And some of dem calling the yen'ral "pal."
Yackson, he sees dem on both sides
Shooting dis bunk to save deir hides.
Den op in vindow he see big flag,
And tenk at first he must have a yag.
No; sure enuff, it ban Union Yack.
So Stonevall stand on his horse's back,
Yell at his men. Dey shoot, von and all,
And into the gutter flag skol fall.

Den Barbara get pretty mad, yu bet,
And say, "Ay skol fule deze geezers yet."
She run to her bureau double haste,
And, yerking out dandy peek-a-boo waist,
Nail it to flagstaff, and vave it hard,
And say: "Dis skol hold yu avile, old pard.
Shoot, ef yu must, dis peek-a-boo,
Ef it ant qvite holy enough for you,
And tak gude aim at dis old gray head,
But spare yure country's flag!" she said.

Den Stonevall Yackson look purty cheap,
And all his soldiers feel yust lak sheep.
He say: "Dis lady skol standing pat.
She ban game old party, ay tal yu dat.
Who taking a shot at yon bald head
Skol die lak puppy dog, skip along," he said.

All day long in Frederick town
Soldiers ban marching op and down.

And late dat night, ven dey leave on Soo,
Dey see dis fluttering peek-a-boo.
And Stonevall Yackson say, "Vat yu tenk."
And yerker out bottle and tak gude drenk.

* * *

Eve's Retrospection

Once Eve took a glance at us here,
And her poor heart was filled with good cheer;
"When I ran around nude
I thought I was rude,
But I note I'm in good style this year."

* * *

Pickled Workin's

There was a young lady named Perkins
Who had a great fondness for gherkins;
She went to a tea
And ate twenty-three,
Which pickled her internal workin's.

* * *

Shame on You, Oscar

Said a fellow named Oscar H. Titus:
"The shimmy is danced to delight us."
They asked him, by chance,
Who invented the dance,
And the answer he gave was: "St. Vitus."

* * *

Passing the Buck

The milkman came and left the milk,
The nursemaid got the same,
She vamped him and he married her,
And now the cow they blame.

* * *

At the Beach

"Oh, mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Oh, yes, my darling daughter,
But hang some clothes on each pretty limb,
For the po-lice insist you oughter."

Pasture Pot Pourri

Oh, aspirin, dear aspirin, my head aches for you.

* * *

A trip on the ocean will bring out all the good that's in you.

* * *

In the army it was: "Gimme," "Let me take," and "Have you?"

* * *

When your comprenez vous rope is cut,
When you've bats in your belfry that flut,
When there's nobody home
In the top of your dome,
Then your head ain't a head—it's a nut.

* * *

Last night I went to see a fortune teller. She read my mind, started to blush, and slapped me right in the face.

* * *

No, Geraldine, Rex Beach is not a summer resort.

* * *

It is said that a woman oftentimes will drive a man to drink. For the land's sake, show me one.

* * *

Superintendent—"How long did you work at your last job?"
Applicant—"Ten years."
"What doing?"
"Ten years."

The Garter Blues

I bought my girl a pair of jeweled garters for Christmas, but
now she's given them to another girl.

Now I know I'll never see those garters again.

* * *

"A wild woman caused my downfall."

"How's that?"

"She tripped me."

* * *

Now, boys and girls, let's all sing "I've Got the Blues,"
in A flat.

* * *

There's water in the ocean,
There's water in the sea,
For the last year or two
They've been watering me.

* * *

Dear Bill: I don't feel right; I feel so blue; please write a
line and tell me what to do.

Drink ink—makes everything write.

* * *

Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Johnson: "Ain't it funny what some folks
will do to get their name in the paper? Now there's the Olson
family. I see by the Tribune this mornin' where they've got a new
baby at their home."

* * *

Hail, hail, the gang's all here;
Some liar said I had real beer.

* * *

A wife may be a necessity—another man's wife
is certainly a luxury.

* * *

Virtue is its own reward—and too often its only reward.

Watchful Waiting

(From the Dubuque Times-Herald.)

GAS OVERCOMES GIRL WHILE TAKING BATH

Miss Cecelia M. Jones owes her life to the watchfulness of Joel Colley, elevator boy, and Rufus Baucom, janitor.

* * *

Murderers appear to me to be happy-go-lucky fellows—they take life so easily.

* * *

When the "pay-off" men are shy of dough
And want a little "jack,"
They take us poor old farmers
And sell a street car track.

* * *

Sayings of the Famous: Old Crow—"Ashes to ashes and dust to dust; if saloons don't get us the drug stores must."

* * *

"I'm a little stiff from lacrosse."
"Oh, Wisconsin?"

* * *

A little snow covers a multitude of rubbish.

* * *

Gossip kills more souls than vice. Reformers, take notice.

* * *

Whenever I see a chorus girl with a new Hudson seal coat, it is none of my business.

Times Change

'Tis true times do change. A man used to take his musket and powder horn and go hunting for a deer. But now the little dear takes a powder puff and goes hunting for a man.

* * *

Somebody Is Always—

Old Hiram Keller went to the cellar
To get a wee nip on the sly;
At the foot of the stair, he found his wife there,
And didn't she give him the eye!

* * *

Sworn Off

No, thank you. As I say, the friendship of a good man for his good friend's good wife is a rare and fine thing.

But for ordinary human nature it is too risky.

* * *

Life always has some horrid clog
To trip a fellow up,
And it's hard to be a gay, gay dog
On the income of a pup.

* * *

A Matter of Habit

Pat—Johnny Newlywed says he has the most economical wife in town.

Mike—How's that?

Pat—He says that the morning after he was married, he happened to think that his wife needed a little money, so he gave her a five dollar bill, whereupon she reached into her stocking and handed him two dollars change.

Classified Ads

Leathery People

(From Mandan Daily Pioneer.)

High Grade Bags for men and women of extra quality leather.

* * *

Make It Two, Please

(From the Michigan Daily.)

WANTED—Room from Thursday to Monday with woman student.

* * *

Especially in Edgetown

(From the Momence Progress.)

A box social will be held at the Edgetown School District No. 37, on Saturday.

* * *

Is She Entertaining This Winter?

(From the Dixon, Ill., Telegraph.)

Found—Brown fur collar. Owner can have same by paying for ad and calling on Mrs. William Greig.

* * *

Engaged Couples Preferred

(From the Oak Parker, Ill.)

For Rent—Furnished front room; warm and sunny; twin beds; new house; to persons engaged; references. Call after 4 p. m.

* * *

Just a Rehearsal

(From the Elgin News.)

Mr. and Mrs. Pierce left immediately on a short honeymoon trip. The "real" honeymoon trip is soon to be made, into various parts of Virginia.

My Daughter, O My Daughter!

(From the Indianapolis Star.)

WOODRUFF PLACE, 571 E. Drive. Room and board; modern, home privileges; gentleman preferred. Daughter wishes congenial roommate. Woodruff 6110.

* * *

With Best Regards

(From the Lancaster, Wis., Teller.)

The low-down, scurvy halfbreed that swiped our log chain from the bridge where we were working does not need to bring it back, as we have another one, but if there is a hell for dogs I hope he gets a seat in the front row with my compliments.

* * *

A Few More Want Ads

WANTED—Man to work in dog kennel; \$12 a week; sleep in or out.—Pittsburg Post.

WANTED—Good home for young lady who requires very little attention at night.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

FOR SALE—About 100 year old chickens.—Waterloo (Ia.) Courier.

* * *

Pitiless Publicity

(From the Mount Vernon Argus.)

—W. Harshbarger, of Pleasantville, is the guest of Mrs. A. E. Blackman, of North Fulton Ave.

—A. E. Blackman is away on a hunting trip.

* * *

A Model Husband

There is a man who never drinks,
Nor chews, nor smokes, nor swears;
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all sinful snares.
He's paralyzed.

There is a man who never does
A thing that is not right;
His wife can tell just where he is
Morning, noon and night.
He's dead.

Jest Jokes and Jingles

*"If you can't laugh at the jokes of this age,
Laugh at the age of these jokes."*

He Didn't Write So Very Often

Mr. Ever Sharp of Lead, S. Dak., had the nerve to write that his most embarrassing moment happened when he asked a young lady clerk in a stationery store for some lead. I'm glad I use a fountain pen.

* * *

Isn't the X-ray wonderful? A Chicago dispatch says with the X-ray it is now possible to have pictures taken of your "diverlicula of the sigmoid" for the loved ones at home.

* * *

A Domestic Disaster

"Isn't it awful! My husband has run off with our cook."

"Terrible, and cooks are so scarce!"

* * *

No Chance

"There, what was I telling you—figures never lie!"

"No, they can't—not with the dresses the girls are wearing nowadays."

A "Major" Operation

"What's the matter, old top? You look sick."

"I've just undergone a serious operation."

"Appendicitis?"

"Worse than that. I had my allowance cut off."

* * *

How often, oh how often,

As drunk as a son of a gun,

Two moons rose over the city

Where there should have been but one.

* * *

Modern Methods

Kindly gentleman to little girl: "My, but your folks must take good care of you."

Little girl: "Well, they ought to—I've got enough of 'em."

"What do you mean, little girlie?"

"Well, mister, I've got three mamas by my first papa and two papas by my last mama."

"Can that really be so?"

"Yes, sir, and my last papa just told me that I had a little baby brother at home and I'm going home now and tell mama."

* * *

She flaunts a skirt cut rather high,

And quite a length of hose,

The city girl is never shy,

However, shy of clothes.

Beware of a Skunk, Dead or Alive

Men, take warning and never go fur-shopping until you are entirely familiar with the vernacular of the fur store. Listen to my tale of woe. My wife requested that I buy a vermin fur piece for a Christmas present. Later, when I asked the pretty blonde fur clerk if she'd show me her vermin, she gave a look that made me feel like a spare tire on a decootieized tin lizzie. Then I asked for some skunk and she called the floor-walker. I asked him if he had charge of the skunk and he promptly asked me out of the store. But the fresh air felt so refreshing and Mrs. Bill still wears her cloth coat of the vintage of pre-war prices.

* * *

Our Monthly Motto

"Keep your feet on the ground and your mind on Heaven."

* * *

Especially in Cold Weather

The new housemaid was, in most respects, quite satisfactory, but the mistress had observed that Bridget in her dusting operations, always appeared to miss a beautiful model of Venus. "Bridget," cried the mistress at last, "why don't you dust this figure? See"—and she touched it with her fingers—"she is quite covered with dust." "Bejabers," replied Bridget, "I hev been t'inking fer a long time, mem, that she should be covered with something."

* * *

A mirage is a marriage that never happens.

Authenticated Military Message

Three soldiers—an American, an Englishman and an Irishman—from a trench watched a German airplane overhead. A piece of paper fluttered down and landed in a shell hole a few feet away.

Thinking it might be of value, the American crawled out after it. It proved to be a crumpled bit torn from a piece of wrapping paper. Thinking to have some fun with his comrades, he returned and said: "It looks as though it has been of value, all right, but I can't make it out."

The Englishman said he would try, and after he had investigated he took his cue from the American and admitted that he also was unable to read it.

"Faith," said the Irishman, "I'll bet I can dissect it," and he started for the shell hole. In a few minutes he was back.

"Did you read it?" he was asked.

"Sure and I read it," he replied, "but all I could make out was that the Germans are badly frightened and their entire rearguard has been wiped out."

* * *

The Irish lad and Yiddish boy were engaged in verbal combat. First one would insist that his father or mother were better than the other's. Then it was their pet bulldogs and their teachers. Finally the subject came down to respective churches.

"I guess I know that Father Harrity knows more than your Rabbi," the little Irish boy insisted.

"Shure, he does; vy not?" replied the Jew boy. "You tell him everything."

Our Rural Mail Box

Skipper Bill: Accept by best wishes for the season, and may each festive day find you squatted 'round some board arrangement heaped with viands, digestible and otherwise; and may the platitudes, provoked by the year's munificence and the fact that you're alive, be salt to the root of the tree of good fellowship. And may the years to come endear you more to the thousands of American "Bohemians," who recognize you now as a damn good fellow.

Even though the desert remain arid, and we are forced to sip from lips that burn, and betray, for inspiration, we'll remain in the fight until old Mother Earth calls upon us for our quota of bone and flesh—dust. Yours for the bull-con, E. W. Welty.

* * *

Ima Cumming: If, while going through the park at night, you should hear some maiden say, "Sweet Daddy," that doesn't necessarily mean she's talking to her father.

* * *

Betty B. Good: Don't complain that your confidence has been betrayed. The fault is your own for pouring unsafe talk into a leaky mind.

Van Perry—It seems plausible enough that Mandy acquired her big feet from walking through the squashy, mushy mud of the rich Brazos county soil but I hardly believe she was so lazy as to have ever sat down on the job of cotton picking. Too good to be true.

* * *

Tiny.—Can not quite make out the letter. If it was an (o) your father shot himself. If it wasn't, he didn't.

* * *

Henpeck—If your wife really loved you she'd have married someone else.

* * *

Lover—Squeeze them, tease them, anything will please them.

* * *

Lord Helpus: You don't have to be a seasoned veteran to put "pep" in your work.

* * *

Dolly Dollars: Yes, we all blow many beautiful bubbles of iridescent hue, and of course, some of 'em are just bound to bust.

* * *

Said mother to father:

"It's time that girl of ours was married."

"Oh, what's the rush? Let her wait till the right man comes along."

"Why should she? I didn't."

It 'Appened in Hingland

Both the vicar and his curate were extremely devout churchmen, and so when Lent came round they naturally decided that each must deny himself something, and thus set a proper example to the flock.

Unfortunately, however, the curate could not make up his mind as to what he should forego. He therefore consulted the vicar on the point and asked what his worthy superior had decided to do without.

"I shall abstain from tobacco," said the vicar, in answer to the curate's question, "and I can but suggest that you should either do the same or refrain from taking alcohol."

"But, vicar," protested the curate, "you surely know that I am a non-smoker and a teetotaler."

"Ah! I had forgotten that," replied the vicar; "in that case the only thing left for you is to put your wife from you for six weeks and live as a celibate."

This, the curate agreed, would indeed be self-denial; however, he promptly proceeded to put the plan into action.

Already he had got about half-way through this trying period, when one morning he was awakened by a gentle tap on his door.

"Yes; what is it?" he demanded, wondering why on earth he should be aroused at such an unearthly time.

"John, dear," came his wife's plaintive voice from the other side, "the vicar's in his garden, and—and he's smoking!"

No Cheap Skates Wanted

The world's Stingiest Man shuffled off finally and departed heavenwards. He was challenged at the pearly gates by St. Peter.

"What deeds of good did you do on earth?" queried Peter.

"I once gave a plugged penny to a poor beggar woman," the stingy man replied.

The Recording Angel, assisted by Mother Eve, then glanced over the loose-leaf filing system to verify the claim.

"Is that all he has to his credit?" St. Peter asked.

"Yes, 'tis all—'tis all," replied the angel.

"Well then, give him back his plugged penny and tell him to go to hell."

* * *

Thrift Lesson No. 1

"Do you know," said the Englishman, "I gave my wife a ten-pound note for a birthday present, and she managed to save a sovereign out of it towards our summer holiday. Not bad, eh?"

"I dinna think it's so verra guid," replied the other. "I reckon ma wife's mair thrifty."

"How's that?"

"Weel, she gives the bairns a bawbee to do wi'oot their supper, and when they're in bed and asleep, gangs and taks it frae them. Then, in the mornin' they have no breakfast for losing it. That's thrift."

* * *

This will be a heluva country if it ever goes dry.

Sprinkle Some Sunshine

By F. A. ROBERTSON

We never can tell, and we never will know,
When it will rain, sunshine or snow;
We never can tell, from the cradle to the grave,
Whether we are rich or only a slave;

Whether we'll ride in automobiles,
Work in the shop or plow in the fields;
Perhaps go to bed in vigor and wealth
And awake in the morning broken in health.

So don't let pride your judgment beguile,
Give all a shake and a pleasant smile;
Always be polite, courteous and kind,
And thus scatter blessings over mankind.

* * *

Good Old Crow

(With apologies to "Old Black Joe.")

Gone are the days of the booze so full and free,
And gone are the friends that always drank with me;
Gone from this drought to a wetter land I know,
I hear their happy voices toasting, Good Old Crow.

I'm going, I'm going
To a place that's not so slow.
I hear the Cubans gaily toasting
Good Old Crow.

Why should I stay when my throat is full of pain,
Soon will go our smokes, so why should I remain?
Dreaming of days of the once sweet long ago,
While my friends are sadly calling, Poor Old Joe.

—E. N. Hosier.

* * *

During the war a boy from Wiggin, Nova Scotia, who was stationed in Palestine, wrote to his mother as follows:

Dear Mother: I am in Palestine where
Christ was born and wish to Christ I was in
Wiggin where I was born.

Your affectionate son.

The other day a returned soldier asked me for a job and as I always like to favor the "vets" I gave him the place. I told him that his duties on the farm would be to get up at 5 in the morning, milk the cows, feed the teams, clean out the barn, haul hay, plow the fields, shock the corn, chore around—

"And is there any clay on your farm?" asked the young man.

"Why, what has that to do with it?" I answered him.

"Oh, I thought maybe I could put in my spare time making bricks."

* * *

Mary Ann—The landlord's here to boost the rent again!

Hubby—That means you have no fur coat this year, my dear!

Wife—Oh, I don't know. I may be able to find a friend like the woman in the story, "The Tale of a Fur Coat," and you bet I'll not pawn it!

* * *

Full many a race is lost
Ere even a step is run,
And many a coward fails
Ere even his work's begun,
Think big, and your deeds will grow,
Think small, and you'll fall behind,
Think that you can, and you will,
It's all in the state of mind.

BATHING BEAUTIES!



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Just the thing for your den.

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Positively the best on the market.

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Send money order or stamps.

Foreign money not accepted unless exchange is included.

Egbert Brothers, Dept. W. B., 303 Buena Vista Street,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Wholesale agents wanted everywhere in the U. S. Write for wholesale terms.

Pull the Shades Down, Mary Ann

**Pull the shades down, Mary Ann,
Pull the shades down, Mary Ann,
Last night in the pale moon light,
I saw you, I saw you;
You were combing your golden
hair,
It was hanging over a chair;
If you want to keep a secret
From your future man,
Pull the shades down, Mary Ann.**

If you like our Farmyard
Philosophy and Foolish-
ness, fill in this
coupon.

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